



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 25 to 27 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 47.....NO. 10,669.

ICE AND JEROME.

Every fortnight or so last summer The Evening World told the facts in regard to the ice situation. Its statements Attorney-General Mayer's complaint against the Ice Trust fully corroborates.

The average citizen of New York has no concern about the price of ice in the winter time, because he can get along without it then. Therefore the present legal action comes late. Nevertheless it confirms the charges made in this column during the hot season, when the price of ice was a matter of great concern to everybody.

There was no real shortage of ice last summer. Contemplating a raise in price, and knowing that the consumption would be diminished by the increase in price, the Ice Trust cut down the size of the ice crop from 6,000,000 to 4,000,000 tons. It thus saved the cost of harvesting and transporting 2,000,000 tons, a saving which, according to the Attorney-General's figures, amounted to \$2,200,000. Then the Ice Trust raised the price of ice so that it received almost twice as much money for 4,000,000 tons of ice as prior 6,000,000 tons of ice had sold for.

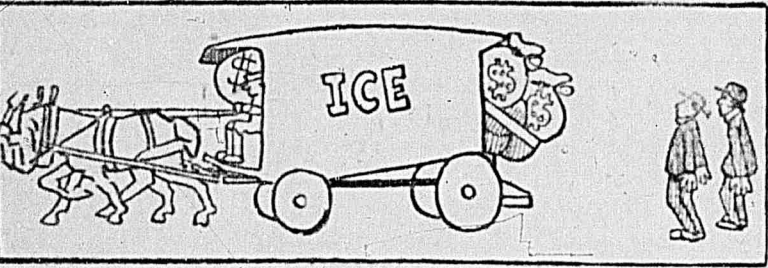
To quote from the Attorney-General's complaint, the price increase "was seventeen times larger than any increase in the cost."

By thus curtailing the supply, and at the same time increasing the price, a net profit was had of from 71 to 84 per cent, the higher percentage of profit being on the sale in small quantities to small consumers. While the price exacted was as high as \$14 per ton, the cost of harvesting and transportation did not exceed \$1.14 per ton. The so-called independent ice companies were part of this conspiracy. Written contracts were made between them and the Ice Trust by which they would not compete, but instead united to maintain extortionate prices. Ice men in Maine who tried to get access to the New York market were prevented from furnishing cheap ice by agreements between the independent dealers and the Ice Trust not to handle outside ice.

Attorney-General Mayer excuses his failure to act sooner on the ground that last summer District Attorney Jerome had taken charge of the matter and was conducting an investigation. Had the Attorney-General acted then it might have resulted in conflict between him and the District Attorney.

What a terrible indictment of Mr. Jerome is this official excuse given by Attorney-General Mayer, all the more biting because its exhortation of Mr. Jerome is unintentional and unconscious!

This paper has repeatedly asserted that the agreement between the directors and officials of the American Ice Company to restrict the size of the ice crop was conspiracy punishable under the Penal Code. This paper stated time after time last summer that the so-called independents were not really independent, but that they and the Ice Trust were working together to extort the last cent from the public. In support of these charges Attorney-General Mayer now furnishes columns of detailed particulars.



But what did Mr. Jerome do?

He conferred with President Oler, of the American Ice Company, as he had conferred with the Equitable banking parasites, with George W. Perkins and the distinguished criminals of the New York Life, with the McCurdy outfit and the Mutual Life gang, and to Mr. Oler, as to all the others, Mr. Jerome awarded certificates of exculpation from criminal guilt.

If these facts are accessible to Attorney-General Mayer without the exercise of inquisitorial power, without the beating of tomtoms before the Grand Jury, without John Doe proceedings or other flubdub, what is to be thought of Mr. Jerome?

Was Mr. Jerome ignorant, or was he incompetent, or what was he?

Letters from the People.

Idea for Auto Speedway.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The proposition to run an automobile track over the "Agassiz Course" in the mountains should suggest a route for the Long Island Motor Speedway, on the tuckbone, or ridge running through the island. This would afford a splendid race for the ocean and sound, also of the surrounding country. There would be perfect drainage and a reduction in the number of grade crossings to a minimum. Little if any of the land would be needed in securing right of way. B. W. SMITH, Arverne.

Here's a Nice Suggestion.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Referring to the alleged custom of ladies sitting on gentlemen's laps in crowded stage coaches fifty years ago, this just proves that even in those early days the conditions were equally inadequate with the present accommodations of the Subway. I, and surface cars. Now, if at that early date it was proper, in view of the limited seating capacity of the stages, for ladies to perch on gentlemen's knees, why not remove the repulsive and disease-breeding straps from all cars and bring about by proclamation or otherwise the good old sociable way of the gentlemen supporting the ladies' bottom? What could be more pleasant? This subject is well worthy of further discussion. J. COSTIGAN.

A Lane Change.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A reader asks "If twelve books are taken from a shelf at random, what is the exact degree of probability that any one putting them back will return them to the shelf in the exact order in which they were before?" The number of

ways in which twelve books may be arranged on a shelf is 12x11x10x9x8x7x6x5x4x3x2x1, or 479,001,600 ways. Hence the chance of the books being arranged again in the same order at the first attempt is 1 in 479,001,600. A. CARROLL.

Bad Butter and Eggs.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I want to kick about the butter and eggs sold in many of the smaller grocery stores. The butter for which they ask 32 and 35 cents a pound is sometimes rancid and tastes like rancid grease. The eggs are sometimes bad, no matter what you pay for them. Why can't the Board of Health put a stop to the sale of low-grade stuffs and the charging of such prices? I would like to hear from others on this subject. T. M. S.

Self-Respect and Business.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a young lady employed in an office and know exactly how men regard women in offices who talk colloquially and freely. For if a lady does not respect herself no one will respect her. I am in an office with men all day long, and am highly respected by every one, and my employer told friends of mine: "I am not trying to praise myself in the least, but I am just saying that a lady who respects herself will always be respected and loved by all even in a business office. A. H.

Wanted: Cheap Music.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I thoroughly agree with "Columbus" in regard to New York's need for good music at reasonable prices. Personally, I am constantly hungry for good music, but can very seldom afford to pay grand opera prices. There must be many who feel in this way. Let us hear from them. MRS. W. M. QUEEN.

At the Circulating Library.



Spinsters Subscriber—Can you give me "A Man to Love?"
Married Clerk—I'm afraid not, miss. But you might ask the young man at the next counter.

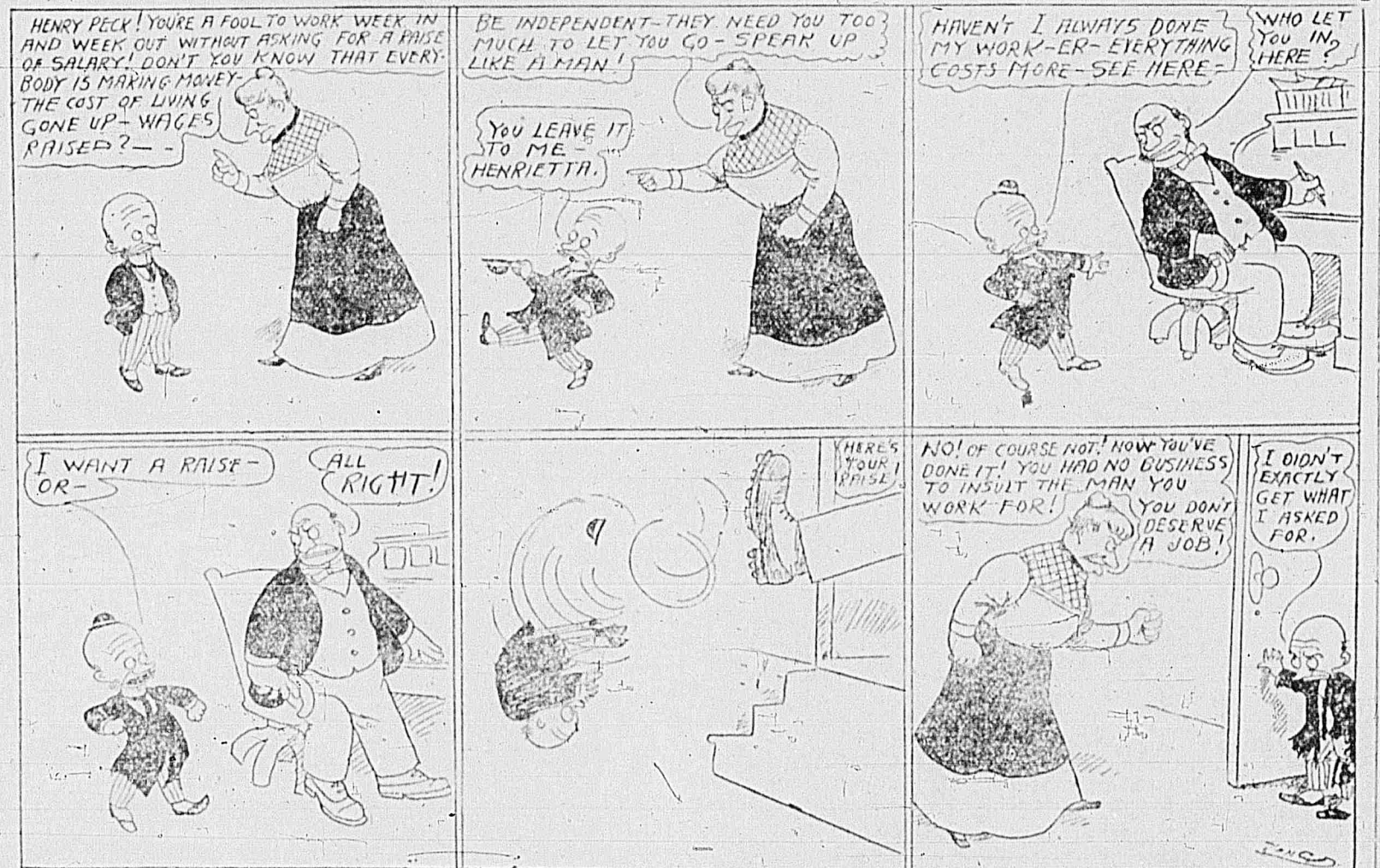
"Unwritten" Laws Written While We Wait

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

THE most cherished delusion of a literary man of my acquaintance is that "anybody can write." It begins to look as if anybody could write "unwritten laws"—with bludgeon, pistol or bowie-knife, as fancy dictates or convenience prompts. In the hands of a bloodthirsty villain the justifying pen he takes in hand after a murder is indeed mightier than the sword with which he slew. No need to watch for the handwriting on the wall if conscience pricks or memory summons ghosts that will not down. Laws, written and unwritten, in the estimation of a considerable portion of the public, apparently were made for them to break, for others to serve. And the best way to impress them on a wavering neighbor is to cut them on his tombstone, while the hysterical crew that hang on murderous favors upholds and signs petitions for clemency. What is all this about? The murder of Hyman, by the Strother brothers after he had married their sister, whom he wronged, and their defense of the "unwritten law." There is a case now waiting trial in New York similar in some respects to the Southern tragedy. Exactly like it in that it was brought about by an irresponsible woman, altogether grown up when it came to stoning, but childishly helpless. However, what is the use? As I said before, anybody can write unwritten laws except the miserable human beings done to death by them. And who knows?—even they may get busy on the other side of Styx.

If YOU Had a Wife Like This.

By F. G. Long



Bubbles and Soap and Men.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

From the ceiling float light and gay—
(Bubbles and soap and common clay).
Some near the ground are content to stay,
Some in the shadow and some in the ray,
Some showing colors all varied and fair,
Some gray and gray, and some puffs of air,
Burst or float, they have both the same fate,
Isot, flimsy stuff, it is gone in a puff.
For the bubbles can't measure their stay.

Some reflect skies with the blue of May—
(Bubbles and soap and common clay).
Some are white but clouds and the leaden gray,
And are never all right with the sun's bright ray,
Bubbles of water and air and soap,
Filled with despair or light with hope,
Bubbles that float, or fall to the ground—
Light, fragile bubbles we are, they say.

Written for The Evening World.

The Vanishing Bride.

By Anna Katherine Green.

Author of "The Leavenworth Case" and "The Woman in the Alcove."

(Copyright, 1906, by Anna K. Green Rohlf.)
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
After the wedding of the daughter of the late Mr. Ransom, a beautiful heiress, immediately after the wedding she disappeared. Her disappearance was a mystery, and she was never seen again. The story of the wedding and the disappearance of the bride is told in a series of chapters. The bride, who was named Anitra, was a beautiful girl, and her disappearance was a great loss to her family. The story is a mystery, and the reader is left to guess the truth about the bride's disappearance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE lawyer, lowering his eyes to hide their own suspicious glint, opened the paper, and carefully read these lines. "Forgive me, my troubles are too much for me. I'm going to a place of rest, the only place and the only rest possible to one in my position. I don't blame anybody. Least of all do I blame Anitra. It was not her fault that she was brought up rudely, or that she knew no restraint in love or in hate. No kind to her for my sake, and if any one else claims her or others to take her from you, rest them. I give her freely to you. It's a more priceless gift than you think; much more priceless than the one which I take from you by my death. I could never have been happy with you; you could never have been happy with me. Fate stood between us; a darker and more inexorable fate than you, in your kindly experience of life, could imagine. Rise, why do I plunge to my death with your ring on my finger and your love in my heart?"

"Havens!" questioned Mr. Ransom hoarsely, as Mr. Harper's eyes came again to his face.

"It would seem so," assented the lawyer. "Yet there is intelligence in all the lines. And the will-read also will there be no lack of intelligence in the feeling she exhibits here for her sister. She leaves her nothing, and does not even mention her name. Her personal belongings she bequeaths to you; but her reality, which compels the bulk of her property I believe, she divides somewhat unequally I own, between you and a man named Auchincloss. It is he I want to ask you about. Have you ever heard her speak of him?"

"Joseph Auchincloss, of St. Louis, Missouri," read Mr. Ransom. "No, the name is new to me. Didn't she tell you anything about him when she gave you her instructions?"

"Not a word. She said, 'You will hear from him if ever this will is published. He has a right to the money and I entrust you to show your respect for me by seeing that he gets it without any unnecessary trouble.'"

"Your wife was a woman of powerful character, Mr. Ransom. My little arts counted for nothing in any difference of opinion between us."

"Auchincloss!" repeated Ransom. "Another unknown quantity in the problem of my poor girl's life. Was a tangle! Do you wonder that I am overcome by it? Anitra—the so-called brother—and now this Auchincloss!"

"Right, Ransom, I share your confusion."

"Do you?" The words came very slowly, hesitatingly. "Havens! you some idea—some strange, possibly half-formed notion or secret intuition which might afford some clue to this labyrinth? I have been told that lawyers have a knack of getting at the bottom of human conduct and affairs. You have had a wide experience; does it not suggest some answer to this problem which will harmonize all its discordant elements and make clear its various complications?"

Mr. Harper shook his head, but there was a restrained excitement in his manner which was not altogether the reflection of that which dominated Ransom, and the latter, observing it, leaned across the table till their faces almost touched.

"Do you guess my thought," he whispered. "Look at me and tell me if you guess my thought."

The lawyer hesitated, eying well the trembling lip, the changing color, the wide-open, deeply flushed eyes no near to open, then with a slow smile of extraordinary subtlety, if not of comprehension, answered in a barely audible murmur:

"I think I do. I may be mad, but I think I do."

The other sank back with a sigh, hardly with relief. Mr. Harper rested himself, and for a moment neither spoke, it would almost seem as if neither breathed. Then, as a bird, deceived by the silence, hopped to the window sill and began its "cheep, cheep," Mr. Ransom broke the spell by saying in low but studiously businesslike tones:

"Have you thought it worth while to study the ground under her window or anywhere else for footprints? It might not be amiss; what do you think about it?"

"Let us go," readily acquiesced the lawyer, rising to his feet with an honest show of alacrity; "after which I must telegraph to New York. I was expected back to-day."

"I know it, but your duties there will keep these here cannot. Your hand on the promise that you will respect my secret till—well, till I can assure you that my intuitions are devoid of any real basis."

The lawyer's palm met his; then they started to go out, but before they had passed the door, Mr. Ransom came back, and hitting the comb from the table he put it in his pocket. As he did this, his eye flashed sidewise on the other. There were strange hints and premonitions in it which brought the color to the usually imperious lawyer's cheek.

In going out they passed the office door. A dozen men were hanging about smoking and talking. Among them was a countryman who had just walked, open-mouthed, the story of the last night's tragedy. He was now gazing on his own mind concerning it, and this is what these two heard him say as they went by:

"You know what strikes me as mighty strange? That the story should clear that stone of the name of Anitra just in time to put Georgian's in its place. I call that peculiar. I do."

The lawyer and the husband exchanged a glance.

"Mrs. Ransom had a deep mind," the lawyer remarked, as the door slammed behind them. "She apparently thought of everything."

Ransom, directing a look down the street toward the factories and the roaring mill-stream, uttered a shuddering sigh.

"They are still searching," said he. "That they will never find her, they will never find her."

The lawyer pulled him away.

"That's because they search the water. We will search the land."

"That's half water, too, but it cannot bite every one. You have eyes for the (phonetic) use them, Mr. Harper, use them!"

"I will, but this is a detective's work. Do not expect too much from me."

"I expect nothing. I do not dare to let us tread very softly, that is all, and be careful to talk low, if we have anything to say."

By this time they had rounded the corner of the house and entered a narrow walk, flagged with brick, which connected the space in front with the rear offices and garden. This walk ran close to the walls which were broken on this side by an L, projecting in the direction of the mill-stream. It was from the roof of this L that Anitra declared Georgian to have slipped and fallen.

The first case was to glance up at the roof. It was a sloping one, and Anitra's story seemed credible enough when they noted how much water it would be to drop upon it from the little balcony overhead than to traverse the roof itself and reach the ground beneath without slipping. But as they looked longer each face betrayed doubt. The descent from the balcony was easy enough, but how about the passage from Georgian's window to the balcony? This latter was confined to the one window, and was surrounded by an ornamental balustrade, high enough to offer a decided obstacle to the adventurous person endeavoring to leap upon it from the adjoining window-ledge. However, this leap made in the dark and under circumstances inducing utmost recklessness, might look practical enough from the window-ledge itself, and Mr. Harper, making a remark to this effect, proposed that they should examine the ground rather than the house for evidences of Mrs. Ransom's slip and fall as related by Anitra.

The only spot where they could hope to find such was in the one short stretch—the width of the L—underlying the edge of the sloping roof. But this spot was all flagged, as I have already said, and when their eyes strayed beyond it to the unutilized field stretching between them and the great rock at the verge of the waterfall from which she was supposed to have taken her fatal leap, it was to find them an unproductive of evidence as the brick walk itself. Not one pair of feet but many had passed the way since early morning. The ground showed a mass of impressions of all sizes and shapes, and where it had been impossible for them, without the necessary experience, to have followed up the flight of the foot, they had been unable to trace their task too late.

"Futile," decided the lawyer. "There is no use in our going any farther. Let us turn to look again at the ground in their immediate vicinity. As he did so, his eye lighted on the triangular spot, where the L met the side of the house under the kitchen eaves. Here there was no flagging, thus taking a diagonal course from the corner of the L to the kitchen door.

"What are those?" he asked, pointing to two oblong impressions brimming with water which disgusted the center of this small plot.

"They look like footprints," ventured Ransom.

(To Be Continued.)

This Week's Prize Winners in the "Domestic Haps and Mishaps" Contest.

THIS week's prizes in the "Domestic Haps and Mishaps" contest are awarded as follows:

\$5 Prize.
MISS KATHERINE ZIEGLER, age twelve, No. 4 Ninth avenue, Long Island City, for story of geese who got drunk on cherry brandy.

\$1 Prize.
WILLIAM R. KUHN, Pearl River, N. Y., for story of little boy's Christmas air-gun and the damage traceable thereto.

ROBERT STACHAN, Carey avenue, near Bement, West New Brighton, S. I., for story of a fellow who impersonated friend at dispensary and was made to go to bed and take medicine.

The Evening World is giving \$10 a week in cash prizes for the best suggestions (which need not be accompanied by drawings) for the "Domestic Haps and Mishaps" comic series. The suggestions must be sent to "The Comics Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 125, New York City."